

Remember Me

by Caepherus

Category: Spyro the Dragon

Language: English

Characters: Cynder, OC, The Dragon Elders

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 19:32:33

Updated: 2016-04-24 20:20:49

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:46:37

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 9,910

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The war took its toll on Warfang, leaving many dead and many more suffering. A few centuries have passed, and with the new year comes the festival of Hero's Passing, commemorating the lives lost on that fateful day.

1. A Dragon Named Nivalis

****Chapter 1 ****

****Sequel to Forgetting Who You Are. Read that first****

****Sacrifice is never easy, it's never given. It's not always selfless, but it always carries weight****

* * *

><p>"Good evening. What will you be having to drink today"? Asked a deep blue dragon to a couple. On the right was a beautiful dragoness, black and magenta with green eyes and gold jewelry. On the left was a purple and gold dragon. They sat at an expertly set table, in a restaurant far beyond anyone's price range.<p>

"Bring us your finest wine"! Said the purple dragon, a certain vigor in his voice.

"Very good, sir. I shall bring it right away".

He went to fetch the bottle. "Ooooo, Spyro. What's the occasion"? Asked the black dragoness, fluttering her eyes.

"Nothing special. It's just that we haven't been out like this for so long. I'm amazed we found a sitter at such short notice".

"Flame sure is one hell of a friend".

"And I thought being the fire guardian was tough"! They shared a

laugh. "Cynder"? He asked as the laughter died down.

"Yes"?

"What would we ever do without each other"?

She shrugged. "Not sure. Maybe find someone else. Stay alone. Who knows".

The server arrived with the wine, opened it, and poured them each a glass. He left the bottle and they raised their glasses. "A toast, to our night out"! Exclaimed Spyro.

"Wooo"! The glasses clinked and emptied the red liquid down the throat of each dragon. "It's so good to have time alone. I love you".

"I love you too". He felt her tail scrape at his leg underneath the table and his body froze. She leaned in over it and spoke into his ear seductively.

"I say we finish the bottle, go to our usual spot, and we put this to the test". She had slid her tail between his legs, and began prodding.

"Are you kidding me?! Again"! A voice came from the doorway, Spyro spun to look at the figure. As he did the world around him began to flicker, and faded completely. He landed on the floor with a thud. "How many times is that now"? Asked the figure. He wore a blank, featureless mask and was wrapped in bandages, covering his body and face from view. He jerked his head to side and raised a hand over his eyes. "Oh come on! At least cover yourself

Spyro was quick to cross his legs, hiding himself from view. "Ash! What the hell are you doing? Why'd you stop it"?

He rolled his eyes. "Please. I can only watch a train wreck happen so many times before I step in and help. How long have you been in here anyway"? The restaurant had disappeared, and was replaced with an endless white room. The only color being Spyro, Ash and the doorway.

"Not that long. Maybe twenty minutes".

"Uh-huh. Right". He waved his hand, a floating control console appeared before him, covered in various forms of crystals. In the center was a timer. "Four hours. Seriously? How many times did you run that? You know what, never mind. Did you reorder the books"?

"I did that yesterday". He whined.

"It has to be done everyday. Ignitus says so".

"I'll do it later. Just give me a few more tries with the simulation".

The console disappeared, and Ash crossed his arms. "Eighteen thirty-seven".

Spyro raised an eyebrow. "What"?

"That's how long it takes you to choke and give up. On the dot, every time. It's pathetic". Spyro denied this. "Look". He waved his hand and a small screen hovered in front of the purple dragon. It had logged every simulation he had run, each ending at precisely the same time.

"Okay. So maybe I'm a little out of practice. I haven't had many others to talk to. Maybe I'm going crazy".

Ash grabbed him by the horn and dragged him out the door. "You realize that room's for training, right? Not living out your personal fantasies of screwing up royally".

Spyro fought his grip to no avail. So instead he laid down, and gathered dust as he was dragged through the halls of time. "So what if I use it to be happy? So does Ignitus".

"At least he trains in it. The last training session you clocked in was over thirty years ago. You suck at fighting". They arrived in a circular room, where the floor was covered in books. Ash tossed the purple dragon inside and sat on a desk off to the side. "Now I have to babysit you while you do one of your only duties. Outstanding job, oh great purple dragon".

Spyro rolled his eyes as he picked up books and placed them on shelves, muttering insults directed at his company. "You could help y'know".

"Not my job. Ignitus asked you to do it". He tossed a smaller book into the air and caught it. "Why can't you just do your chores first? It would make everything so much easier".

"In case you haven't noticed, I haven't been in the best mood lately".

"Ha. I wonder why. Is it because you suck at dating? Or even in your fantasies you reject her".

Spyro slammed a book onto the ground, causing Ash to jump. "I have a family out there! One that I can't be with but see everyday! Why can't you just let me be happy?! Why is that so much to ask"? His head fell as he thought of Cynder and his children. "I just want to see them. I want to raise my children. Tell them stories, kiss them goodnight".

"Then why didn't you wish for that"?

"Because... Because my life isn't worth all of theirs".

"You know that, but you have yet to understand it. I'll let you finish up here, then meet Ignitus and I in the main library. We have some things to discuss". Ash stepped out of the room, leaving Spyro to tend to his duties.

"Done. Took long enough". Spyro wiped sweat from his brow, stepped out of the room, and directed himself to the main library.

"Finally. Couldn't stop day dreaming, could you"?

"What did you want, Ash"?

"Right to it, huh? Fine". He waved his hand, a vision of Warfang floated between them. The city was readying itself for a festival, and had decorations set up everywhere. The main color was purple. "The festival of The Hero's Passing is coming up. And as with all celebrated heroes, you are allowed to visit the hosting city for the duration of the holiday".

Spyro nodded. "Last year Asling hosted it. And this year is Warfang. Odd how they haven't hosted it for so long".

"We know. Which is why you aren't going".

"WHAT?! That's not fair! It's my duty as the celebrated to attend! Ignitus said so"!

Ash stepped back, giving Ignitus his turn to speak. "You're right, I did. But we've both noticed that you haven't let go of your life".

"Yeah, for good reason! I would have visited my family during a different festival, but I'm bound to the city hosting. Now I have a chance to finally meet my children and you're going to take it away from me"?

"We aren't trying to upset you. Ignitus and I just don't think that you're ready. You never came to terms with your death. You haven't accepted that there's no going back".

"Because I didn't want to die! I just want to live the life that was taken from me. Even if it's just for a day. That's all I want. Is that too much to ask"?

Ignitus considered his proposal, thinking back to when he himself died, and how much he wanted a second chance. "Just a day"? He asked.

Ash's jaw dropped. "You aren't seriously considering this?! It was your idea to keep him away from the festival"! Ignitus ignored the thrask.

"Just a day. That's all".

"Then you can go". Spyro jumped in joy as Ash groaned in anger. "And Ash will be your handler".

"Why are you dragging me into this? I already didn't want to go. Now I have to go with a date"?

Spyro snickered. "You wish it were a date".

"Shut up. I'm not going".

Ignitus shook his head. "You are. I haven't had a moment of peace since you two came here. Always bickering and complaining about one another. This will give you a chance to rekindle what friendship you had".

"You do realize he tried to resurrect the dark master,

right"?

"Tried to? I did. I even punched him".

"ENOUGH! I've had it! You're both going and that's final! Now leave me in peace. I have things to attend to".

Ash leaned down to Spyro, whispering quietly. "Attend to himself".

"I heard that".

* * *

><p>Ash and Spyro stood before a portal to Warfang, both polar opposite emotionally. "Remember, you have one day. After that I'm bringing you back. Understood"?<p>

"One day, got it". Spyro was excited to say the least. Ash snapped his fingers, a ghostly chain sprang from Spyro's neck and into the thrask's hand.

"Let's get this over with". Spyro leapt through the portal, pulling Ash along with him.

On the other side was a grassy field of rolling hills. They had arrived at the very edge of a tree line, and only a short walk to the gates of Warfang, rebuilt in all their glory since the siege of the great beast. Ash and Spyro did not look like themselves. They were both their respective species yes, but they had alterations done to them so they could blend in.

Ash no longer wore bandages or Koma's mask, instead he wore fine silk robes beige with red accents. His body was not scared, and he had several finely carved horns jutting out from the back of his head.

Spyro had changed color. Instead of his classic purple and gold, he now had an white hide, and electric blue underbelly. Along with horns shaped like the letter C, curving forward.

"Time to celebrate. I'm going to the tavern. That place has survived more than anything in this city". As Ash moved toward the gate, he was jerked back by the chain wrapped around his wrist. He pivoted on his heel, glaring at Spyro. "What"?

"What if I run into someone I know?! What am I supposed to do"?

"Forget you know them. It becomes easier if you get wasted first. Speaking of which". He returned on his path, the spiritual chain that connected them growing in length as he walked away.

"Thanks for the help". Spyro shifted his sight to the gates of Warfang, standing in all their imposing, massive glory. He squeezed through the crowd and beyond the cascading stone.

Beyond them the city truly shone in its beauty. Warfang had become a marvel of old world values and new world engineering. From elevators to indoor heating, it towered over the rest of the dragon realms with

its ingenuity.

The dragon city was decorated for the purple dragon, the same that walked among the crowds unseen, hidden behind a fake body. He walked past the market district, rebuilt to look less like a slum, and more of an actual market. Featuring stone buildings four stories high, each floor occupied by a different vendor. From many windows a purple drape hung. Some had the four element sygils embroidered on them in gold, others were simply purple and gold.

The dragons, thrask, gryphons and moles were all accommodated very well, and the two species had been integrated into society with little outcry. Of course there were those who judged all thrask as though they were Ash, but those who did so were so rarely taken seriously.

The now white dragon passed the tavern, where he saw Ash talking to other thrask, who rolled their eyes and stepped away from him and his jokes. Spyro smiled as the thrask pouted and ordered another drink.

Continuing on his path, he made it to the templeary stairs, where the guardians stood, their scales now faded and dull. Beside Terrador and Volteer stood two younger dragons, matching the element of the guardian they accompanied. They were close to Flame's age. Cyril was without an apprentice, most likely due to his strict standards.

Flame had grown quite a bit from when last Spyro saw him. No longer was he small and frail looking, but instead tall and strong. He wore the title of fire guardian with pride, and it showed. His scales were as bright as ever. To the side of them sat the pink and beige dragoness named Ember, now appointed to the title of seer to the guardians, she looked happy, as though she had finally earned what she desired most.

The one Spyro had hoped to see was not with them. He looked around, but could not see any signs of the mother of his children. Or the gryphon that helped to raise them.

"Hey! Ice dragon"! Shouted the fire guardian, looking at Spyro.

He checked around him, being sure it was him Flame was speaking to. "Me"?

"Yes you. Ember says there's something about you". Flame ushered him forth. "What's your name"?

Spyro froze. "_I never thought of a name"!_ The world stopped before him, and he breathed a sigh of relief. "Glad I'm not _that_ out of practice. Now what would a good name be? Something cool, something... ice dragon-y". He thought back to the transcripts of famous ice dragons, one name stuck in his mind. With a nod he undid dragon time, looked to Flame confidently, and spoke his new name. "Nivalis".

Cyril had his interest peaked by the name. "Quite the legacy that name carries. Your parents must have been well taught to hear of her accomplishments. Odd that they'd name their son after a female though".

Spyro gritted his teeth as he smiled. "They always wanted a daughter".

"That's... good to know? Still, quite strange. Tell us, is this your first time in Warfang"?

"Uh.. yeah. I haven't missed a festival yet, and it's been so long since it's been in Warfang. I thought I'd stop by and pay my respects. Give my offering to his passing".

"Not many come to remember him. It's mostly just a reason to get drunk, high and into a fight". Chimed in Ember, circling the ice dragon before her. "I was under the impression that something was off about you. You seem very powerful. As though more than one element resides within you. Am I right"?

"I know gravity"! He blurted out, earning a silent gasp from those who heard.

"Not too often you hear that. Where did you learn it? Who taught you"?

"I was.. uh... I was taught in Lourndas. My teacher came with me and is currently drinking his fill at the tavern". He smiled as a drop of sweat fell from his brow.

That would explain your aura. It feels... odd. Like a necromancers pet. Then again, you are the first dragon I've met who knows gravity. So that could be why". Ember looked him over more, pausing at his neck and poking at it with her claw. "Interesting".

"What did you find"? Asked Cyril, intrigued.

"Nothing. Just surprised is all". She found her way back to the guardians side, and sat down, never taking her eyes off of Spyro.

"So are you gonna show us"? Asked Flame impatiently.

"Show you"? He asked nervously.

"Well, yeah. We can't just take your word for it. Gravity's too rare to just believe out of the blue. So show me. Just don't go too crazy. I like my knees".

"O-okay. Yeah. I can do it. Do you wanna go to the training grounds or something"?

Flame laughed. "Seriously? Come on, just show me here. Make sure you don't kill me though. Gravity's some strong magic".

"Alright". Answered the purple dragon, closing his eyes and concentrating. "Fall".

Flame expected a great force, but was treated to nothing. He waited a little while longer, though was soon left with doubt. "Care to try again"?

"Of course". Spyro concentrated harder, remembering what Ash had

taught him. "Fall".

Flame braced himself. But was once again left with disappointment.
"Still not feeling it".

Spyro shut his eyes harder, focusing all of his energy on his friend.
"Fall".

Flame did not prepare himself, and because of this, was forced to his stomach, unable to move. "Enough"! He surrendered. Spyro opened his eyes, breathing a sigh of relief. "Sorry for doubting you. You know your gravity".

"Thanks. It took a longtime".

"Well then", said the ice guardian, "you've proven yourself, so there's no point in keeping you any longer. Go enjoy your day. And if you plan on staying the night, we do have an extra room. Unless you already have plans. And considering the rarity of your element, I'd love to see more of it".

"I don't know if I'll be staying. My teacher is rather picky about where he sleeps".

"Well he might be swayed if you tell him it's the old fire guardian chambers. Took quite the hit in the war all that time ago. Never has felt quite the same. At least according to Flame".

"It is! I don't know why, but it feels... weird".

"Well no matter, we should let you go. Enjoy the rest of your day, and try to not use that gravity magic. Some don't take kindly to it".

"Will do, thank you. Have a great day". Spyro rushed away as fast as he could without looking like he was trying to rush. He made it to the courtyard that housed his and Ash's bodies, before he stopped and thought everything over. _"__Wow. That was close. Gotta get my story stra"..._ His thoughts were interrupted by a voice near the statues of him, Cynder and Ignitus. Under the cherry blossom tree that stood in the center, was a gryphon and dragon arguing. It seemed to be rather heated.

"I don't care"! Screamed the gryphon. "I don't want you walking around here alone".

"I can take care of myself! I don't need you to watch over me all the time! I've fought off worse than a potential thug".

"Fine". He gave up. "I won't bother you anymore. Have fun". His words were cold, harsh. The gryphon took off in a huff, leaving the dragon at the statues, staring at them.

Spyro moved around, the marble statues blocking the dragon in question from his view. As he circled, feature became visible. A black hide, gold shackles, white horns, long slender frame. _"__Oh no"._ He thought as the dragoness finally came into view.
_"__Cynder"!_

She snapped her head in his direction as he moved. She looked to him,

embarrassed. "I take it you heard that"? He tried to speak, but was unable. She was just as he thought she would be, large like she had been while under the dark masters control, and just as beautiful as ever. "Sorry. He's got a lot going on right now. We both do".

"Don't worry about it". He said nervously.

Cynder raised an eyebrow. "What are you doing here? Not many care enough to come to his grave".

He shrugged. "Just trying to get away from the crowd. Heh".

She became very serious. "Well you should go back. If you aren't going to pay your respects, leave. He isn't buried here to make YOU more comfortable". She turned her head to his statue. As she looked on, Spyro met at her side, looking over her stone portrait. He chuckled, trying to break her anger. "What's so funny"? She asked in an irritated tone.

"This looks nothing like you".

His words shocked her. "Well... yeah. I'm older now. Of course it's not gonna look like me".

"No, I don't mean like that. I mean it fails to capture your beauty".

She moved away from him, repulsed. "Who the hell do you think you are"?

"W-wha"? He stammered.

"I don't even now you, and you start hitting on me? At his grave no less! What's wrong with you"? She turned away and took off, steaming angry.

"Cynder! Wait! _It's me! Don't leave_". His head hung low and his wings fell to the ground.

"Smooth". Came a voice from behind him. There stood Ash, as disappointed as ever. "So much for first impressions. At least you can try again in the simulator, let's go".

Ash tugged at the chain around his wrist, which caused a terrible pain in Spyro's neck. "Hey, Stop!". He resisted. "You said I get a day"!

Ash stopped pulling. "Yeah, to enjoy the festival. Obviously you have other plans. Other plans that I thought we agreed would not happen".

"We never said I couldn't talk to her"!

The thrask tilted his head, going over the conversation. "I think you might be right".

"So let me go". He ordered.

Ash sighed. "I hate being wrong". The chain that connected them faded, a relief washing over the purple dragon. "Go screw it up more.

I can't wait to see how badly this goes".

"I didn't screw it up".

The thrask chuckled. "Oh yes, hit on by a random dragon by the grave of her mate. How romantic".

"Do you always have to be so sarcastic"?

"Of course I do". He answered sarcastically. "How do you plan on making this right? Are you going to go apologize? Normally saying sorry isn't enough to un-creepify yourself".

"I... have no idea" His head hung low. "I screwed up. What would you do"?

"Try again. You should be able to. If you've been reading Koma's notes, that is".

"You're right! How could I forget"? He closed his eyes, concentrating on the past. "Wish me luck".

"Not gonna happen".

Spyro rolled his eyes as time rewound. When he opened them, he had moved back to the other side of the tree. He saw the gryphon take off angrily. He walked around the tree, Cynder coming into view.

She snapped her head in his direction as he moved. She looked to him, embarrassed. "I take it you heard that? Sorry. He's got a lot going on right now. We both do". She turned back to the statues, looking over Spyro's.

The purple dragon in question stepped beside her, a smile curling up his lips. Cynder noticed this, and started a frown. "It's crazy how everyone's here for him, and don't even bother paying their respects".

Her frown faded instantly, surprised at his observation. "Yeah". She spoke slowly, trying to gauge his intentions.

"You're Cynder, yes"?

"Oh.. yeah. What gave it away"?

"You seem devoted to him. Like you were close. That and I already met the others. They didn't seem like a Cynder".

She chuckled. "They're unique. That's for sure. So you know who I am. Who are you"?

"Nivalis".

She held in a laugh. "Interesting name for a male".

"It's not my fault my parents wanted a daughter". Spyro joked.

"You're right, I shouldn't judge". She managed to calm herself. "How do you know they wanted a daughter"?

"They made sure I looked good in pink".

She fell to pieces imagining it. When she pulled herself together, wiping a tear from her eye, she apologized. "Sorry, sorry. I don't know why that was so funny".

"Don't worry about it. It as meant to be a joke. They didn't make me wear pink".

"So it was your choice then"?

"I'll have you know I make pink work". He moved his head in a zigzag pattern, adding to Cynder's laughter.

As it died down, they found themselves stuck in an awkward silence, glancing around the courtyard. "Sooo", Cynder broke it, "are you here for the entirety of the festival? Or just today"?

"The whole thing". Spyro screamed at himself in his head as he spoke.

Cynder seemed happy about the news. "That's great. Where are you staying"?

"Cyril offered me the old fire guardians chambers. _Shut up shut up shut up. Just stop talking_"!

"Odd for him do that. I guess he must sense something inside of you. I guess we'll be seeing a lot of each other then"?

"I guess we will. _Just stop talking. It's so easy_".

Cynder looked to the sky, the sun still high, but the hour growing later. "Well I have to go. School is almost done, so I have to be there. It was nice meeting you, Nivalis".

"Goodbye, Cynder. _I love you_". He exhaled happily as she flew away. Ash however looked just as disappointed as ever as he stood behind the not-so purple dragon.

"Eighteen times that took, and you still screwed up. You are a master". His sarcasm was ignored this time.

"Yeah".

"You do realize we're leaving soon, right? So go get drunk and be merry".

Spyro snapped out of his trance-like state. "We can't go. I just said hi. I haven't even met my children yet"!

"Not my concern. Learn to let go. Accept that she's gonna be with Ciezan until their bones rot in the ground, and move on. The dead have no need for love".

"But I'm alive! I have a body"!

"It's not real. It's a puppet. You need one to even materialize here. I do too. For extended periods anyway".

"This body is plenty real! I can feel and breath and taste". He punctured a hole into his arm, drawing blood. "I even bleed. How is that not real"?

"Fake blood to fool the living. You also have no organs. Especially not the one you're thinking with right now. We're leaving". Ash conjured a portal to the chronicler's home, and began tugging on the chain. As he walked forward, about to step through, he felt a force jerk him back.

"I'm not leaving yet". Said a pained Spyro, as he fought the thrask for control over the chain.

"You aren't going to win this fight". He yanked and Spyro yelped, but didn't give up. They tugged it out, Ash moving closer to the portal, and the purple dragon in the opposite direction. "Just... Give... Up"!

"Not.. Gonna... Happen"! Spyro cranked his neck and grabbed the chain with his maw. He used his mouth to pull back, and lessen the pain on his neck.

"You're gonna break your teeth. Stop this and come with me"! Ash yanked one more time as Spyro bite down harder.

There was a loud metallic snap, and Ash was gone. Spyro looked around as the chain vanished from his neck. "A-Ash"? His voice was shaky, scared as he scoured the area frantically. It was pointless, Ash was gone. And Spyro was alone.

* * *

><p>Yay! Chapter 1 of a story with no plot! I need some ideas for one. I planned on making it a 'falling in love' story, but that's shallow. It wouldn't be long. So of course he can't let go. That's a big thing. Then again, there's nothing wrong with wanting to raise your own children. I had an idea where his son would resent, then come to love him slowly, and accept him as his father. Another idea is 'good guy becomes the bad guy' where Ciezán goes crazy and tries to kill everyone. But that's kinda dumb. I don't want another 'Threat looms over the land' deal. I did that already. So if anyone has any ideas (And I want some), send me a PM, leave a review. But not anonymously. I can't reply to those.

2. New Body, Old Friends

"Ash"?! Yelled the not so purple dragon, checking around the courtyard for his friend. "Ash?! Ash where are you"?! His panic grew rapidly as he considered the worst. As his heart exploded from his chest, he called out. "Ash"!? Spyro stopped, hearing a faint whisper in the back of his mind. The whisper grew in volume and clarity, until he could make out the voice and words. It was Ash. Calling out from thin air.

"I CAN HEAR YOU! CAN YOU HEAR ME"?! He sounded angry.

Spyro was overjoyed, and nearly made a fool of himself by exclaiming loudly. "You're okay"!

"Stop. Talking". Spyro could hear Ash breathing deeply, controlling his anger. "I've been listening to you scream my name, in your nasally, high pitched voice for the past half hour. I can't take it anymore! So shut up, and give me peace". His breathing was steady and rhythmic as he fought the urge to go off. Ash let out one final sigh. "Alright. I'm calm".

Spyro didn't hesitate in his questioning. "What happened"...

"Shhht"! He cut in. "Nevermind. You're still extremely annoying. I swear you sound like a... flightless bird if they could talk".

Spyro looked on in confusion. "Why a flightless bird"?

Ash took a moment to respond. "Not sure, it just sounds right. Weird".

"So, where are you"?

"Not sure. What I can tell you is it's completely black. Though I can see myself perfectly, like I'm standing against a black wall in bright colors, but nothing else around me".

"So you're floating in space"?

"No I'm standing on something. I wouldn't call it ground, but it's something. Like a sheet of glass.".

"Can you get back"?

"Don't know. It doesn't seem like my magic works here. I think I'll walk around a bit, see if I can find anything. I'm gonna silence the tether between us. The last thing I want is to hear your voice constantly nagging in my ear. I'll turn it off occasionally and say hi. Mostly because I want to see how badly you screw up your new found freedom".

"Wait! What do I do? Isn't this body only temporary"?

"You did pay attention. Yeah. I'd say you've got a week at most. After that it'll die and your spirit will fade into nothing. So have fun with that".

"I'm gonna die"!?

"Yeah. It's more like... super death. You just cease to exist. Or you could always die. That would send your mind back to your 'real' body back with Ignitus. But it would cause some serious mental trauma. So maybe a bullet to the head isn't the way to go".

"So my options are pretty much; die and go crazy, or cease to exist"?

"Pretty much".

"There has to be another option"!

Ash sighed. "I didn't want to tell you about this, but seeing as Ignitus would kill me if you die... You can get Ember to extend the

puppets lifespan. She already knows you're you and will most likely help".

"How long will I have"?

"The average lifespan of a dragon".

Spyro's jaw dropped. "What"?!

"Yeah. It's pretty much necromancy. The body you're using will become a real, living body. You will have a new life".

"So I could have come back at any time"!?

"No. Your death is still absolute. But this is a workaround. Technically you, Ignitus and I never truly died, we just moved minds".

"So I never died"!

"Your body did. Your magic and life essence are still technically alive. Paradise takes those away and recreates you in a new form. A form that can't escape without necromancy. A form much like the puppets".

"This is great! I get to live again"!

"Yeah. Until I get out. Or Ignitus himself comes to get you".

Spyro's smile and celebrating died into bitter realization. "Oh yeah. Forgot about him".

"Look on the bright side, you live until he isn't busy. Then again, when is he not busy"? As the thrask spoke, Spyro grew happier. He had a point. Ignitus would sometimes be so busy he'd have no time to eat, let alone save Spyro. "Well I'm gonna go. You have fun. And don't get her pregnant again. One time and you strike out. Your pull out game is weak".

There was a slight tug at the back of Spyro's mind as Ash silenced the tether. He looked down to his scales, smiling at his realization. "I can be a father".

Spyro found his way back to the guardians, holding his head high. "I spoke to my teacher, and he has decided to leave early. I however, have been granted a little vacation".

"Brilliant"! Exclaimed Volteer, excited to study the properties of gravity in detail. "I shall show you to your room". He stood on his tired bones, cracking and straining to move. He managed to get halfway before setting back down. "I think one of you can handle this".

"I got it". Offered Flame, rising to his feet effortlessly and stepping next to Spyro. "Ready"?

"Lead the way".

* * *

><p>The heavy oak door to the old fire guardian chambers swung open, its hinges squealing happily after so long. "Here we are". The room was rather dull. No longer a warm red and orange, and instead the natural sand color of the stone. The bed was where it had always been, at the back of the room, up three stairs, and against the wall, facing them as though beckoning to be laid upon. Another changed that was noticed, was the sunken section of pillows, now laying pillow-less. "It's not what it used to be, that's for sure. You should have seen it". He padded over to the desk, unchanged from Spyro's memories. "If you have any notes to write, you can use the desk. The ink should still be liquid. If not just give it a stir". Flame stepped to the bed. "This is the bed. Kinda obvious. But who knows, they might not have beds in Lourdndas".<p>

"Isn't this the room Spyro slept in during his time here"? Inquired the purple dragon.

"Umm... Yeah. Weird bit of info to know. Why do you ask"?

He shrugged nervously. "Oh, just an admirer. I grew up on the tales of his heroism. I was just wondering if they were exaggerated a bit".

Flame looked around the room, sighing as he remembered their time together. "They aren't". He smiled through his sadness. "He was great. Strong, brave, caring. I'm honored to say I met him. Especially since he saved my life".

"How did he do that"?

"He showed the enemy the truth". He stepped past the fake ice dragon, and into the doorway. "Settle in, and when you're ready, come down and enjoy the rest of the festival. I'm sure you'll have a blast". He turned the corner. "Oh, sorry, Ember".

"What are you doing down here"? She asked him, glancing into the room. "Oh! The gravity dragon! How could I forget? Silly me. I might as well introduce myself". She turned to Flame. "You can go now". He rolled his eyes and walked away. Ember smiled as he left earshot, then stormed into the room, slamming the door behind her. "YOU BASTARD"! She screamed angrily as she slapped Spyro. "What's wrong with you?! Why did you let us think you're dead"!?

Spyro hid from her blows behind his wings, apologizing incessantly. "It wasn't my choice! I need your help"!

Her attacks faltered as she stepped back, regaining composure. "What could you possibly need my help with, oh great transcender of death"?

"This body isn't real, and I need you to make it real. Ash said you could do that".

"Ash!? Oh I have quite the array of words to say to him. Starting with the fact that he KILLED ME"!

"Ash isn't here! He's trapped in some... black world. That's how he described it anyway".

"Dammit. I was hoping to give him an earful".

"I'm sorry you can't hit him".

She eyed him over, his new body was a perfect puppet. "I can help, but you're gonna have to convince me first".

"I have a week before this body dies and I cease to exist. Mind and all".

She huffed as he spoke. "Why does it have to be a good reason? Fine. I guess I was bound to do necromancy at some point. Let's go". She turned to the doorway, and glanced back at Spyro.

"Where are we going"?

"Necromancy isn't really legal. It goes against the gods. Kidras especially. So we're gonna do it where sin is so common, the gods turn a blind eye".

* * *

><p>As they entered the brothel, a high spirited dragoness trotted over to them, a smile as wide as could be. She had a snow white hide, and jet black underbelly with gold accents highlighting her curves. Two horns draped down the back of her head like hair, and curved upward sharply. "Why hello"! Her voice was smooth and aged. "Welcome to The Golden Feline. I am Madame Prudence, and I am at your service". She lowered her head into a bow, greeting them with elegance. She rose from her bow, a devilish smile across her lips. "Would you like a room, or a companion"?<p>

"A room, thank you". Ember spoke sternly, not wanting to waste time.

"Very well. We charge based on time, just so you know".

"We shouldn't be that long".

Madame Prudence nodded and led the two through the oddly silent halls. "You may not know this, but we've employed special noise cancelling magic. It keeps our customers worry free and rather comfortable. But some go beyond it. Anyone that loud must be having the time of their life". She opened the door to a corner room, and ushered them in. "Here you are, a room fit for such a perfect couple. Do enjoy". She chuckled as she shut the door.

Spyro looked around the room, complete with black and gold decor, along with a heart shaped bed. "Alright, get over here". Ember held her scrying stone, as vast as ever. She poked a hole into Spyro's palm, earning a slight wimper. "You big baby". She dropped the blood onto the stone. It began glowing a sinister red, emitting what could only be described as evil. With a few chants and a bit more blood, the red light exploded outward, and into Spyro's body. He could feel the changing instantly.

The changing was not normal, his body was changing so fast he felt everything grow and shift. It was safe to say it was not pleasant. Thankfully it didn't last long and he regained himself as he looked over his new body. "So, I'm alive now"?

"Technically, yes. I wouldn't recommend going around and telling everyone who you really are. The dead aren't supposed to come back".

"So I'm stuck as Nivalis"?

"Yep". She packed her things into a bag, and swung it over her shoulder. "Well, let's go".

Spyro was quick to jump in between her and the door. "We can't go yet"!

"Why not? We're done. And this place is expensive".

"We've only been here like, one minute! Not even"!

Ember sighed and rolled her eyes. "Males and their bravado". She turned and laid on the bed.

The minutes rolled by slowly, feeling like an eternity for the impatient dragoness. Spyro on the other hand, looked around the room to occupy himself.

"Sooooo", Started Ember, "what have you been up to? Aside from obsessing over Cynder"?

"I don't obsess over her".

"If you say so".

Spyro shook his head as he looked over the trinkets on the shelf at the other end of the room. "I've been training to be the next Chronicler. It's going well".

"I take it Ash is there with you"?

"Unfortunately. Some days he's great, but others I want to rip his throat out".

"I know that feeling. So have you come back in a fake body often"?

"Every festival. It hasn't been set in Warfang for a long time though".

"I take it that was on purpose"?

"Not my choice, but yes".

"Who's choice was it"?

"Ash and Ig... the Chronicler's. They think I wouldn't be able to handle being around my family".

"Are they wrong"?

Spyro was afraid of that question. "I don't really know. I've watched them all their lives, read their books and loved them. But actually meeting them might be a bit overwhelming. They won't know I'm their

father, and I think that's what scares me the most. What of my instincts kick in and it's just creepy? I don't want that".

"So tell them who you are".

"I wish I could. But it's forbidden".

"Then I'll tell them".

"NO"! Ember jumped. "Please don't. I want them to know, but I need to know how they think of me first. If I'm unwanted, then I don't want to be a burden".

"She wants you, trust me. She's at your grave daily. Sitting there talking to you, until her kids are done with school. Her life is you and them. And you're not even alive. Technically anyway".

"What about Ciezan"?

She laughed. "Oh please, he's either trying to coerce her into bed, or drinking at the tavern. Bought the place to keep his tab clean. He never really mentioned where he got the money".

"Are they at least happy"?

"You should see the marks he leaves on her after a night in bed. Sadly he's really good with her children. They even call him dad".

Spyro felt a buzz of jealousy. "Lucky him".

"Of course! Why wouldn't he want the bastard children of his wife and friend reminding him of her infidelity? Such a mystery".

"Alright, point made".

"Glad I convinced you so easily". She hopped off the bed and made her way to the door, ushering Spyro forth. "Let's go. I think it's been long enough for you to keep your pride". Together they left, split the tab they had accumulated, and exited the building.

"So, where to now"? Asked an eager Spyro, wanting only one answer.

"Well, we could go to the festival plaza, play some games, eat some unhealthy food". She eyed him up and down, delaying what he wanted to hear. "Or we could 'bump' into Cynder as she walks home with the kids".

Spyro shrugged, trying to hide his intentions. "Well, if you want to, we can do that".

"Of course. My choice, right? (Sigh) Follow me. We can cut them off at the carnival". Ember led the not-so purple dragon through the crowded streets, weaving between dragons, thrash, moles and gryphons. She was quick to halt and direct his attention forward. Cynder stood just beyond a sea of faces, clearly visible. The children however, were obscured by those that separated them.

Ember pulled him to the right, going against the crowd and earning

wicked glares from those they knocked into. She made a sharp left and a mad dash, then an abrupt stop. "Oh! Cynder! I'm so sorry, I wasn't paying attention to where I was going".

The black dragoness held her forehead, cringing at the pain. "It's okay. It happens". She looked to her, and took notice of Spyro behind, smiling awkwardly. "Hey, Nivalis. What are you doing here"?

"Oh.. uh... Ember, was showing me around".

She eyed the pink dragoness over, eyebrow raised and questions burning. "I thought the tour was more Flame's job? I think this is the first time I've seen you do it".

"I Know. But he's been busy lately. Especially with the festival".

"That's really kind of you". She smiled warmly as she felt a tug on her tail. Cynder turned to face her two children, each bearing a striking resemblance to their parents. The son had the likeness of Spyro, though with Cynder's horns. And the daughter shared her mothers beauty, and Spyro's horns. They both had a black hide, and purple underbelly, though slight differences were noticeable. The largest being the iridescent gold that clung to the male, compared to the iridescent red that was apparent on the female. "Have some patience". Cynder spoke with a ever growing smile. "We'll be home soon".

Spyro's son spoke with a voice similar to his, though younger. "I don't know why you need to come pick us up. We're old enough to walk home alone". The young male was right, they looked nearly the same age as Spyro and Cynder had been when they defeated Malefor.

Cynder turned to her son, and rubbed the top of his head with her paw. "It's because I love you, and want to spend time with you".

"Then why not let Cyril and the other guardians teach us"? Piped in her daughter.

"Because they're busy with their own students. And while I'm sure they'd love to have you under their wings, I think it's best to make friends with those you might not expect". She looked around at the festival surrounding them, then to Ember and Nivalis, then back to her children. "Why don't you go enjoy the festival? You are old enough after all, right"? The two jumped in joy and hugged her tightly before running off and disappearing into the crowd.

Ember's head darted between Spyro and Cynder. "Oh no! I forgot something really important! I gotta go! You wouldn't mind showing him around, would you, Cynder? Thanks, bye"! She jumped into the air and flew away.

Spyro shrugged. "Looks like you're stuck with me".

"I wouldn't say stuck. After all, I've had worse company".

"Glad I'm on your good side".

"Me too". They walked alongside each other around the festival grounds. "So how long are you staying in Warfang? It'll be nice to have someone new to talk to. Especially someone who doesn't come from the same city. It may be big, but information travels fast here".

"I plan on staying as long as I can. I moved into the old fire guardian chambers just recently. Flame was nice enough to show me where that was".

"What do you think of Flame"?

"What do you mean"?

"What do you think of him? I don't know how he acted around you, but he's been pretty pushy when it comes to new guests. Loneliness will do that to a dragon".

"Loneliness"?

She nodded. "Oh yeah. Not many dragons tend to swing that way. So he tries to find out, but goes about it the wrong way".

"Okay".

She stopped, shaking her head worriedly. "Oh no! I'm sorry. I shouldn't be the one telling others his preference in company".

"Calm down. It's okay. I know he's gay".

Cynder felt relieved, but also curious. "Ember"?

"Yes". He answered quickly.

"Makes sense. She's terrible at keeping things to herself".

"I noticed. I learned quite a bit from her".

"Like what"?

He froze, not expecting a follow up question. "Oh.. uhhh... I know that Spyro is the father". He smiled awkwardly.

She rolled her eyes. "Oh no. Secrets out, can't hide their purple scales any more". She looked over the crowd, trying to find them even though she knew they were long gone. "It doesn't matter anyway. I can't change the past".

Spyro raised an eyebrow. "Would you want to"?

"I-I don't know. Yes? It was a stupid mistake".

Spyro stopped dead in his tracks. "A mistake?! But you have two beautiful children"!

"Yeah. **I** do. Not Spyro, not Ciezán. Me. He's off in paradise and I'm stuck raising children I wasn't even ready for. If we could have waited, I would have. Don't get me wrong, I love them to death and couldn't imagine my life without them. But since that night, things have been hard on Ciezán and I. He's distant, almost weak. I'm

watching him die slowly and there's nothing I can do to stop it. I think he feels then same way about me".

Spyro was shocked. "_She regrets it. I ruined her life_. Surely there must have been a reason it happened. You must have loved him, right"?

"Of course I did! I still do, but... he said it himself, the dead have no need for love. He sounded like he was willing to accept everything, and I wouldn't want to ruin that for him".

"Then why did you do it"?

She thought back to that night, all those years ago. "I don't know. I wanted to from the start, but I couldn't betray Ciezán like that. But there was this unnatural cold in the air. The only warm place was his room. So I stayed the night. And from the moment I stepped inside, i felt my feelings for him skyrocket. As if I was being aimed at him. Like a love potion, or something. It pushed me over the edge. It pushed both of us over". She smiled, snickering slightly. "To add insult to injury, he left me a letter".

Spyro's attention was caught. He didn't remember any letter. "A letter? What kind of letter"?

"Why does it matter"?

"Oh, just keeping the conversation going, is all".

She bobbed her head side to side. "It wasn't much of a letter. More like a reminder of my unfaithfulness".

"What did it say"?

"One stupid word; ****Lust****".

Spyro froze in place as he though back to the ordeal. There was an odd feeling that night. As if something told them to go for it, even against their better judgement. "Weird". Was all he managed to spit.

"Are you okay? You seem... shocked".

He snapped out of his trance-like state and smiled. "What? Me? Of course I'm okay! Why wouldn't I be? I gotta go"! He took off from the ground, leaving Cynder in confusion. "Talk to you later"! He yelled back at her as they grew farther apart.

Spyro managed to find an empty alley where he could think everything over. It wasn't until a familiar voice caught his attention did he understand. "Hey! Spyro? Can you hear me"? Asked Ash through the tether.

"Oh.. yeah, i can hear you. What's going on"?

"Not much. Just checking in like I promised. Did you reconnect with Cynder"?

"Umm, yeah. Hey, I have a question".

"Sure, what's up"?

"Well, Cynder and I talked about the night we.. you know. She doesn't know I'm me! So don't worry about that. But as she spoke about it, she said something about an odd feeling. Like some sort of psuh, driving us over the edge. The way she explained it made it sound like written magic. And I kind of agree with her".

"That's not much of a question".

"Okay, well, she also mentioned she found a letter".

"A letter"? He sounded worried.

"Yeah, a letter. Not much of a letter either. One word written on it. Lust".

"That's weird. I gotta go".

"Why did you do it"?!

Spyro heard Ash let out a deep sigh, a sigh of regret. "Because it was you or Ciezan".

"What's wrong with that"?

"He isn't himself. Or wouldn't be. When he tries to impregnate her, it doesn't work. Not at first anyway. So he keeps trying. And the more he fails, the more violent he gets. He lashes out at the thrask and kills a good number of them. Then he finally gets her pregnant, and he's overjoyed. Too bad Cynder isn't capable of passing a live child. Dragons are meant to lay eggs, not birth live young. He kills her to get his child, and it isn't fast. A C-section with no anesthetic or proper tools. Just his claws and her tail-blade, a bloody mess. And in the end, he doesn't get the son he wanted, a daughter is his only heir. So he leaves her there, next to her mother's corpse, crying and scared. You can guess the rest".

"So he's a monster".

"No. He would be if not for my intervention. I saved her life, there was no other way".

"What about my wish? I could have stopped it from happening".

"Wrong. You would have went straight to paradise, and sealed your absolution in death".

"Wait, what? But Ignitus"...

"Wanted you to go to paradise, but I convince him to let you stay as the next chronicler. He thought and still thinks, you're too clingy. You hang onto the past hoping to one day be returned to the land of the living, even though you know it's not going to happen".

"But I have a chance now"!

"In a different body".

"But I'm still me. It doesn't matter what I look like, I know who I am".

"But how will everyone react to that piece of information? 'Hey I wasn't really dead. Surprise! We can be a family now!' Not the best way to introduce yourself to your kids, wouldn't you say"?

"I'm sure they'd understand".

"Understand what? That you had a chance to live, but traded it for their lives? Tell Flame and Volteer they both died? That nearly all of the thrask in Warfang were once the enemy responsible for the war? I don't see any of that going over well. It would most likely stir tension between the species of the city. I sure didn't help the image of the thrask".

Spyro was silent, he had no retort, no way of defending his thought process on the matter. "Look, Spyro. I know you want to finish your life, I want to finish mine, but you have to accept that that isn't an option right now. You have to learn to let go. I know we've talked about this a lot, and I'm hoping that maybe being in the world of the living, for as short a time as you've been, has shown you that they managed to move on, and that you should to. I know I can't convince you that there's no way back, but trust me when I say there isn't. Finally come to terms with the fact that the world doesn't need you anymore, and maybe it's best if you do finally die. If you're scared to take that step, then I'd be willing to take it with you".

"Really"?

"Oh course I would". There was a thump from Ash's side of the tether. "OW! What the shit"?!

"What's going on"?!

"Some genius put a stupid wall in my path! Like right in it! Who builds an invisible wall in the middle of nowhere?! And why did I have to hit it"?!

"Are you okay"?

"My face hurts, aside from that I'm good. Wait. What's this? A door? What's a door doing here"? The squeal of old hinges was audible from Ash's end. "This is weird".

"What's happening"?

"I'm in a room. It's not my style, but I guess it's okay. Some nice leather chairs. A really big lounging couch. Huh, I don't recognize this thing". Ash began knocking on whatever it is he saw.

"What does it look like"?

"It's a rectangle. Pretty flat, and a solid black sheet of glass across the front. It's on some sort of stand. And there's this red light at the bottom corner. It doesn't seem to do anything when I touch it. Wait, there's a button". Spyro heard a click, odd noises and a crash.

"Ash"!

"I don't know what happened, but it lit up and I saw this thing inside start moving! It was weird, flat faced, pale flesh. Looked really weak. Had hair on it's head and all over the rest of it's body, but it's broken now. Whatever this thing is, I don't trust it". Footsteps were audible coming from the upper floor of the apparent home. "I gotta go, good luck, Spyro"!

There was a pull at the back of the purple dragon's mind as Ash silenced the tether. "Ash! Wait! You still haven't told me everything"! There was no response, and Spyro exhaled heavily. _"__Good luck to you to"._ The now blue and white drake looked down the empty alley, watching the rainbow of dragons walk past.

There was a chime in the air, and a voice spoke over the crowd. "Good daaaayyyy Warfaaaaaannnnng! This is Dragon City Radio, and I'm your host Trasiv, bringing you the news, no matter how bad it hurts". The drake over the intercom spoke smoothly and confidently with his velvet voice. "I hope you're all enjoying the festival, I know I sure am. We finally got that antenna on top of the council hall fixed, so we are back to broadcasting crystal clear as ever! First up in the news"...

Spyro's mind trailed away from the broadcast as he stepped forward, into the crowd.

* * *

><p>Chapter 2? Must mean I have a plot, right? Wrong. I had some key scenes thought out and figured I might as well write them down. It's also a way to show everyone that I'm not dead and still writing. Speaking of this story, that whole, 'Necromancy on a puppet' will be explained later. It has it's downsides, trust me.

I'm also considering having an M rated version of each story. I feel like some situations could use Fk and give the scene a much bigger impact. But that word turns any movie into an R-rated. So I can't have a T with an F. It would also include some saucy bits, so if you're into that sort of thing, you might like it.**

The writing of this chapter was fueled by Flamin' Hot Cheetos and Dr. Pepper (Sponsor Me). That aside, I did write this in a less structured manner, so it might be a bit all over the place. And thanks to everyone who sent in ideas. It's nice to see that I have a following.

End
file.